



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

titudinous seas. We do not wonder that the writer, as we are informed in a note, was nearly frightened out of *his*? (unluckily the English has no pronoun of common gender) wits. If such a story must be told, — *mais je n'en vois pas la nécessité*, — why, it is well and vigorously told, in "The Princess' Bath." As to humanizing such a demon by an admixture of love, it is a rather desperate adventure. We pardon a deal of blood and murder for the many noble thoughts, strongly and harmoniously expressed, in passages. The description of Leonore is well conceived and skilfully wrought, and the contrast of Gabrielle has a fine poetical effect.

The following stanza is very felicitous: —

"The tempest roared and raved without;
And tapping on the window-pane,
To minstrel cricket's rhyme beat time
The ceaseless finger of the rain.

And another, a little further on: —

"Behind the tapestry paused the dame;
And in the midst stood listening Fate,
That loveth, in her sport, to change
To prophecy men's careless prate."

We might multiply our quotations of such passages, in which poetical thoughts are tersely expressed; but our lessening space bids us pause. We can only say, as a parting word, that the author of "*Prémices*" wields a pen of uncommon ability. Something more is needed by way of avoiding forced, and occasionally far-fetched, turns of phrase; something more, in working out the details in all the parts as felicitously as they are worked out in some. With these few drawbacks, the volume is marked by terseness of language and vigorous harmony of verse, and has passages of great beauty and richness of imagination, which give good promise for the future.

4. *Grace Lee*. By JULIA KAVANAGH, Author of "*Daisy Burns*," "*Madeleine*," "*Nathalie*," etc. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 1855.

WE have read with much interest Miss Kavanagh's new novel, entitled *Grace Lee*. In these days, when so many poor novels and so few good ones are published, one may well greet with pleasure the announcement of anything new from the pen of the gifted lady whose name is mentioned above. We have somewhere seen it remarked, that there are personages in books, as in real life, that always seem equal to

the occasion, and do the right thing at the right moment, and that Grace Lee is one of these. With strong admiration for her character, we cannot, however, quite agree with this opinion. Miss Kavanagh has given us a noble specimen of a woman, with an earnest, hearty, healthy, and devoted spirit; but she does not (as she has said in the Preface to another of her books) profess to give one without faults, and even great faults. She shows her power, perhaps, most strongly in that curious and natural mingling of noble impulses and mistaken judgment in the spirit of the heroine, so often shown in her two novels, — *Nathalie* and the one before us. Grace inherits a fortune; she burns the letter containing the request involving one half of that fortune, because she knew (as she afterwards proved) that such a request would be as binding upon her own sense of honor without the letter as with it. She chooses the short and brilliant path, gives to those who need, without thought or fear for her own future, — does that good to the suffering and sorrowing which so many may dream of, but can never accomplish. But how many more could have been served with what was thrown aside for no purpose whatsoever! Must we not call that an indifference almost culpable which leaves “the best part of her costly Roman treasures” in *Palace Colonna*?

Her beautiful spirit of patience and devotion towards Dr. Crankey must touch the hearts of all who read of it. Her submission to circumstances and her strength to wait may give a lesson to many an impatient being who finds it hard to submit, still harder to trust. But we would ask, — not in the spirit of mere criticism, but in justice to the character of the heroine, into which we can see that the author has entered with heart and soul, — Is her conduct towards John Owen quite consistent with the rest of her character? She was proud, very proud, — nobly presented and nobly consistent are her understanding of his attempt to discover her feelings for him, or what he supposes her feelings to be, when he does not in the least return them, and her dignified reproach when alone with him in the storm upon the mountain. But she afterwards loves him, as he does her, with an intense and devoted love, and, we must confess, it sometimes grates upon our sense of her dignity and kindness of nature, that she should smile, and even laugh, at times when deep seriousness at least, if she does not choose to show her real feelings, is due to the earnest expression of his. We dare not call her a coquette, and she is not capricious; but she knows, and in truth she values, the intensity of his love; she can measure it by her own: — has she a *right* to refuse his hand without any reason which can convince him of her firmness of purpose? We will give a short extract. He has been urging his love, and again she has said, as

before, that she will not marry him. Some expression rather more earnest than usual, from her, has caused him to leave her rather suddenly, feeling, as he has felt before, vexed, even angry. Late in the evening he returns.

"Grace remained alone working. At half past eleven the parlor door opened, and Phœbe looked in with a frightened air.

" 'Please, ma'am, there's Mr. Owen at the door, and he says he must come in, and that he must speak to you!'

"Grace looked flushed and flurried, and, rising, she said, 'Show him in, Phœbe; it can only be to say a few words, — wait in the passage.'

"Scarcely had she ceased when he entered; he closed the door; he flung, rather than put down, his hat, and threw himself in a chair. Grace stood by him, waiting silently. At length he spoke.

" 'Yes,' he said, 'I am come back, after all. Make your own conditions. I submit, — hard as they are, they are not so hard as absence. Two hours ago I left this house, vowing to enter it no more, for you had stung me; and when I reached my own home I found that anger is weak, and that love is strong; and so I came back, a willing slave to the chain I had broken, glad to wear again the badge of my bondage. Grace, you told me so yourself this evening, — you are not a young girl, you are not very beautiful; by what spell, by what charm, you have bewitched me, me a man, — not a boy, — your equal in every respect, — I know not; but I feel that, rebel as I will, spite of pride and shame, I must come back to you as to the sun and light of my life.'

"His brow burned, and his lips quivered, as he uttered the passionate confession, all the more passionate for being both indignant and reluctant. Grace blushed like a rose, and as she blushed she smiled.

" 'I knew you would come back to-night,' she said, 'I sat up waiting.'

"He looked up at her, leaning his elbow on the back of his chair; she gazed at him smiling.

" 'What ails you?' she resumed; 'let the past and the future sleep, — is not the present pleasant? Your prospects are promising, but uncertain. You are in debt too, and you want to take a wife. My friend, you have other work to do; give to that work all your energy, and your might. Forget that I am a woman; remember that I am a friend; come and see me often, and leave to time that which is time's own.'

"He could not take his eyes from her; she stood by him, familiar and fearless; and in her lover's eyes, both fearless and enchanting.

" 'And so,' he said, 'you knew I was coming back, and you sat up waiting, and yet you would have banished me. Grace, I do not understand you. Are you prudent, or are you indifferent? Ah! if I could think it was prudence. Speak, Grace, for the doubt tortures me.'

"But Grace only smiled, and did not reply; she seemed to take a dangerous pleasure in keeping under control a nature so rebellious and so ardent." — pp. 262, 263.

Can we wonder that John Owen so placed should at times lose his
VOL. LXXXI. — NO. 168. 23

temper and his trust, though at the very moment when he has apparently most reason for so doing he may be most mistaken in his judgment?

She at last consents to marry him. Remembering, however, that even then she does not confess her love, (strange order of pride,—well might shame arise in its place,—that could allow him even for one hour to misunderstand her motives for consenting,) though intending to do so,—remembering this, we can scarcely blame him, that, finding her gone when she herself has begged him to return, and promised to await his coming until any hour when he may be free, he should judge her wrongly; and that the anger which has so often blazed for a short time, and then died out, should, in its sudden fierceness, consume even the wish for her love, leaving nothing but cold ashes in its place,—few even of those.

“Some perish by mistrust; through too much faith Grace suffered.’ She would have smiled if any had told her that she was no longer loved. She would have laughed at the thought of being forsaken. Yet time wore on, and Mr. Owen came not.

“‘He is very angry,’ thought Grace, ‘very angry. I did not think he could be so angry with me.’ And still she waited, and she had not a doubt, not a suspicion, not a fear.”—p. 329.

He is angry, and with every appearance, so far as he can possibly know, of justice; is it not due to him and to herself not to allow him to remain in anger, but to send an explanation? When does she do it? Then, when she feels in her heart of hearts, that he loves her, and must be suffering from misunderstanding her conduct? No,—but when she at last knows that he is engaged to another woman. True, she knows, or thinks she knows, he cannot love that other. She says of him that “Mrs. Gerald Lee would never be his wife.” Certainly, if he receives Grace’s letter she never will; without that there seems, to the reader at least, every reason to believe that she will be his wife, and that too in one or two days.

Miss Kavanagh loves her heroine, but she has not quite done her justice. One so strong in faith, so clear-sighted as to right and wrong, so earnest in pursuing the right, would see her path more clearly towards justice to herself and to the lover of many years (so nearly her husband), than to allow him to mistrust her, through the means she uses to strengthen his cynicism, and to sacrifice himself and another in the effort to forget—for want of a few words involving no sacrifice of just and true pride.

It may be said, “But much of the story must have been lost, but for these very misunderstandings!—how would you have had it written?”

To the remark we reply, True enough, apparently ; and to the question we must answer, We do not know,— we never tried to write a novel, and if we had, we should probably know no better ; but from what we have read of the best of Miss Kavanagh's works, (always excepting Daisy Burns, a book so inferior in tone and style that it is difficult to believe it the work of the same brain that produced the rest,) we have faith that she can write a novel in which the story shall not depend upon a forced incident, or a want of consistent action on the part of her heroine ; and we hope some time to read such a one. We, too, love Grace Lee. She is a noble conception, and it is perhaps the jealousy which one sometimes feels on behalf of a friend which makes us unwilling to grant that she would not, in real life, have been one of those " who always do the right thing at the right moment."

To those who have not read this book we can recommend it as extremely interesting, and among the few of its kind to which one may often resort as to a pleasant hour with an agreeable friend. The style is free, easy, forcible, and at times even singularly natural. The plan of the story, as it seems to us, is very striking and original.

5. — *Elements of Analytical Geometry.* By WILLIAM SMYTH, A.M.,
Professor of Mathematics in Bowdoin College. Boston : Carter &
Bazin. 1855.

THIS is a revised and enlarged edition of a treatise upon the Modern Analysis, or the application of Algebra to Geometry, which had been for some time in use, and which was no longer to be obtained in print. It is one of a series of books on the several subjects of Algebra ; Plane Trigonometry, with its Applications to Surveying and Navigation ; Analytical Geometry ; and The Elements of the Differential and Integral Calculus, which Professor Smyth has prepared with special reference to the course of study pursued in Bowdoin College ; but which is admirably adapted to the wants of the more advanced pupils in academies and high schools. The advantage of this treatise over most others upon the same subject, so far as relates to the purposes of elementary instruction, consists in its greater clearness and conciseness, and in the aptness and fulness of its illustrations. It begins with an explanation of the Ancient or Geometrical Analysis, and a comparison between that and the Modern, showing in what respects they differ, and in what respects the latter is preferable to the former. It then proceeds to the construction of algebraic expressions, the